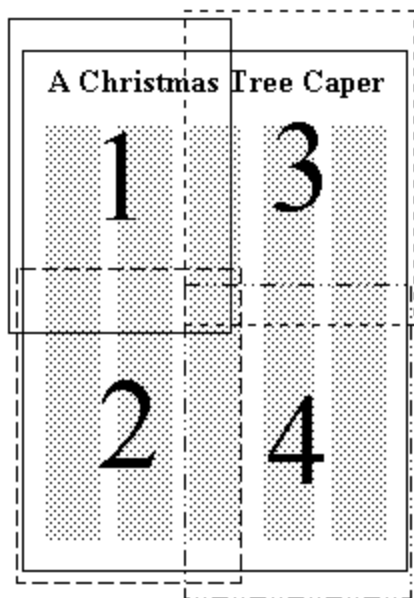


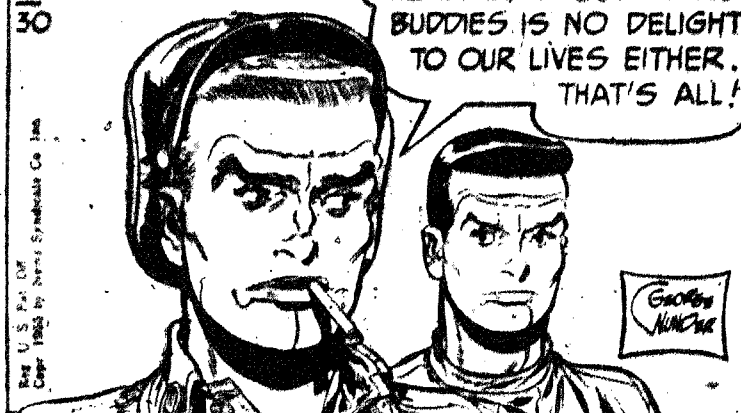
NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



TERRY

7/30

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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OKAY, YOU CLOWNS.
LET'S GO TO TOWN.



THE HERO HUSBANDS

By JACK RITCHIE

(Copyright 1955 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

"H E'S THE one who accidentally shot himself in the leg while he was cleaning his rifle," I said.

But I don't think my wife heard me. She had just gone into the living room to straighten up a few last minute things.

I finished putting on my tie and suitcoat and joined her there. "Good old Hank," I said.

Evelyn moved about emptying ash trays into the silent butler. "Yes," she said absently. "Good old Hank."

"He's married and lives in Oregon now," I said. "We sure had some great times together. Real war buddies."

"I'm happy for you, George." She glanced at the clock and surveyed the room for neatness.

"Yes, sir," I said. "We went through thick and thin together."

The front doorbell sounded and my wife went to the mirror to pat a few strands of hair back into place.

"All right, dear," she said. "Let's get on with it."

When Hank Morrison and his wife stepped into the hall, I slapped him on the back. "Hank, you old son of a gun. It's good to see you again."

HE CLAPPED HAND ON HIS SHOULDER

He clapped a hand on my shoulder. "It's great to see you again too, Rusty."

Hank had gained about 40 pounds since 1945. He wore a conservative business suit and rimless glasses. His wife was a short plump woman with a visit

of ice cold beer in the refrigerator.

A light came into Hank's eyes. "Henry doesn't drink," Mrs. Morrison said. "It's bad for his waistline, you know."

The light went out.

I crossed my legs and jiggled my foot for a while. "Those were the days, weren't they, Hank?"

"They sure were, Rusty. Remember Edwards and his pet monkey?"

"I sure do," I said. "Whatever happened to him?"

"He's in the zoo now."

"I mean Edwards."

"I don't know," Hank said. "I sent him Christmas cards for a few years and then gradually we stopped corresponding."

"That's the way it goes," I said, and then there was silence.

"Those are lovely drapes," Mrs. Morrison said. "Where did you get the material?"

"At Dunstan's," Evelyn said. "I don't suppose you've heard of them?"

"No," Mrs. Morrison said. "We live in Portland."

"How's the weather up there?" I asked.

"Somewhat damp," Mrs. Morrison said. "It bothers Henry's leg a lot. He was wounded on Okinawa, you know."

Hank picked up an ash tray and began examining it. "Been doing any bowling lately, Rusty?"

"My husband was wounded there, too," Evelyn said. "On his right side and it looks a lot like

medal to his congressman as a protest against awarding them for nothing at all."

"I bowl on Tuesday nights," I said. "We have a league of company teams."

"Henry got his wound while he was charging a pillbox," Mrs. Morrison said. "But he went on anyway and cleaned it out single-handed."

"Limping, no doubt," I said.

"They were going to give him a Silver Star," Mrs. Morrison said.

"But something went wrong with the paper work and he never got it. I wanted to write to the War Department, but Henry says to forget it. He doesn't want to make any trouble."

"I'd write anyway," I said.

"Once my husband's platoon was pinned down by gunfire," Evelyn said. "And everybody ran out of water. George gathered up all the canteens and braved murderous enemy fire to get to a stream. He saved the entire platoon that way."

HANK SAID JOB WASN'T EASY

"Good for you, Rusty," Hank said. "Carrying 40 canteens filled with water is no easy job."

"But of course you were there, Mr. Morrison," Evelyn said. "I keep forgetting that you and George were in the same squad."

"It's hard to believe," Hank said. "They wanted to give George a battlefield commission," Evelyn said. "But he turned it down. He said he preferred to remain a Private First Class. He felt much closer to the men that way."

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"What brought you to town?" I asked.

"The convention," Mrs. Morrison said. "Henry's a delegate from his Legion post."

"As long as I was here," Hank said, "I thought I might as well look up my old war buddy."

My wife and Mrs. Morrison went into the living room and I opened the hall closet to hang up the coats.

"What are you doing these days, Rusty?" Hank asked. "Setting the world on fire?"

"I'm office manager at the Adkins Paper Mill Company," I said. "How about you?"

"In the hardware line myself," he said. "Handle sales for Wilson & Haber."

We went into the living room, made ourselves comfortable, and looked at each other.

Hank cleared his throat. "Nice place."

"Not too big," I said. "But we call it home."

"Would you care for anything to drink?" Evelyn asked. "Plenty

few years and then gradually we stopped corresponding."

"That's the way it goes," I said, and then there was silence.

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"My husband was wounded there, too," Evelyn said. "On his right side and it looks a lot like an appendix scar."

Hank's eyes left the ashtray. "That's interesting. Just like an appendix scar?"

"You must remember it, Hank," I said. "I got hit five minutes after you got shot in the leg."

"Oh, yes," Hank said. "It's coming to me."

HENRY WOULDN'T ACCEPT MEDAL

"Henry doesn't have a Purple Heart medal to show for it though," Mrs. Morrison said. "He wouldn't accept it. Henry says he considered it nothing more than a flesh wound and he didn't think he deserved it since there were so many others more worthy than he."

"That was downright noble of you, Hank," I said.

"My husband doesn't have his Purple Heart either," Evelyn said. "Somebody in his company got one for just getting a little scratch on his finger. George was so disgusted that he mailed his

out of water. George gathered up all the canteens and braved murderous enemy fire to get to a stream. He saved the entire platoon that way."

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"Good for you, Rusty," Hank said. "Carrying 40 canteens filled with water is no easy job."

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"They wanted to give George a battlefield commission," Evelyn said. "But he turned it down. He said he preferred to remain a Private First Class. He felt much closer to the men that way."

"Henry was just like that," Mrs. Morrison said. "The colonel practically begged him to go to officer's training school, but Henry wouldn't hear of it."

Mrs. Morrison suddenly thought of something and turned to her husband. "Henry," she asked. "Why didn't you help Mr. Saunders carry all those canteens?"

"Yes," I said. "How about that?"

Hank thought for a few moments. "Oh, yes," he said. "Now I remember. I was busy bandaging the lieutenant. Nasty shoulder wound."

"Dear," Evelyn said to me. "I think you should have helped Mr. Morrison storm that pillbox."

Hank leaned forward. "I've often wondered about that."

It took a little while for me to fill my pipe. "I was giving the captain artificial respiration," I said. "He fell into a water-filled trench."

"Nice return," Hank said.

We sat there with our thoughts and sighed occasionally.

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BRENDA STARR



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"They wanted to give George a battlefield commission," Evelyn said. "But he turned it down. He said he preferred to remain a Private First Class."

"He was a real hero," I said.

Eyeglasses And You

To be eyeglass pretty, get Antoinette Donnelly's new booklet, "Your Eyeglasses and You" with tips on best shapes for individual facial types, flattering styles, colors, materials and makeup tricks. We'll send you a copy in return for a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Antoinette Donnelly, THE NEWS, 220 E. 42d St., New York 17.

Finally Hank laughed slightly in reminiscence. "Remember Har-ker?"

"No," I said.

We proceeded to think some more.

"What did you say your husband does?" Mrs. Morrison asked Evelyn.

"He's a bookkeeper for a paper company," Evelyn said. "And your husband?"

"He clerks in a hardware store."

Hank looked at his watch. "I think we'd better be moving on, dear. Mustn't miss our train."

Evelyn and I saw them to the door.

"If you're ever in Portland," Mrs. Morrison said. "Be sure to drop in."

"Goodbye, Henry," I said to Hank.

"Goodbye, George."

Evelyn and I went into the kitchen for a sandwich.

"Darling," she asked. "Did you say something earlier about somebody shooting himself in the leg? I wasn't paying attention."

"I don't remember, dear."

She opened the refrigerator

Child Keeps Early Ideas Many Years

By DOROTHY M. ROSE

Sometimes a chance remark, thoughtlessly made, will be picked up by a child and magnified to such an extent that it echoes down through the years. This is especially true of comments about a child's appearance.

A friend of mine was the younger of two sisters. Each girl was unusually pretty. But when Thelma was 6, she overheard a visiting aunt whisper to her mother, "Thelma's getting a little better looking." The older sister was elected May Queen in high school. But when Thelma reached this age, the practice of choosing a May Queen had been discontinued.

Later Admission

Years later, while reminiscing, I said this had been a shame, for she surely would have been the choice of our class. It wasn't until then that she admitted she had always considered herself the ugly duckling of the family, a fact she had accepted ever since the whispered comment.

If you look back, you'll realize that one of the great preoccupations of the young is "what do I look like?"

They worry about the size of their feet, the condition of their skin when pimples first appear, the shapes of their noses. Often the degree of their worry is determined by earlier remarks.

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Evelyn and I went into the kit-
chen for a sandwich.
"Darling," she asked. "Did you
say something earlier about some-
body shooting himself in the leg?
I wasn't paying attention."
"I don't remember, dear."
She opened the refrigerator
door and reached in. "Dear," she
asked. "Why is it spelled
b-a-l-o-g-n-a when it's pronounced
baloney?"
"Never mind how it's pro-
nounced," I said. "I'll have a
cheese sandwich." **THE END**

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each childish saying printed. Un-
accepted manuscripts cannot be
returned. Address "Bright Say-
ings," THE NEWS, 220 E. 42d St.,
New York 17, N. Y.

Irritated with my small daugh-
ter for her stepping into a puddle,
I said, "Oh, Jill, half the time
you don't know what's going on
around you." "Yes, that's right,
mommy, because half of the time
I'm asleep," she said. G.B.
Queens

Upon our return from the
shore, my son, 3, was asked by
his uncle how the water was. "Oh,
Uncle Gene, it was Ice Cube
cold," said my child. P. P.
Elizabeth, N. J.

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termined by earlier remarks.
Little Mary comes down to
breakfast in a new blouse she's
received as a gift. "Your complex-
ion can't stand that color," we
say. "It makes you look like an
eggplant."

Saner Approach

A saner approach is to intro-
duce children, boys as well as
girls, to good color harmony and
good grooming habits while they
are little. Encourage them to
choose at least some of their own
clothes and discuss with them im-
personally the best colors for
blondes, brunettes and redheads.
And keep your remarks positive
— "I love you in that dress,
honey." And if we have to criti-
cize, we can try to be as subtle
as we would be with grownup
friends.
We don't have to build conceit
in our sons and daughters, but
we can build confidence.
If you're having eating difficul-
ties with your children send for
our leaflet on that subject. Address
Mrs. Gladys Bevans, THE NEWS,
220 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.
and enclose a stamped, self-ad-
dressed envelope.

